

## The Times Dispatch

**Business Office.....** Times-Dispatch Building  
10 South Tenth Street  
**South Richmond.....** 102 Hull Street  
**Washington Bureau.....** Munsey Building  
**Petersburg Bureau.....** 129 N. Sycamore Street  
**Lynchburg Bureau.....** 215 Eighth Street

**BY MAIL** One Six Three One  
**POSTAGE PAID** Year Max. Mo.  
Daily with Sunday ..... \$5.00 13.00 41.50 22  
Daily without Sunday ..... 4.00 10.00 30.00 22  
Sunday edition only ..... 2.00 1.00 .50 22

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg. One Week

Daily with Sunday ..... 15 cents  
Daily without Sunday ..... 10 cents  
Sunday only ..... 5 cents

Entered January 21, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1873.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1913.

## VOTING MACHINES THE REMEDY.

What is the matter with the system of voting employed in Richmond? In a letter elsewhere published this morning, Allen J. Saville, one of the election officials in last Thursday's primaries, ably outlines the fault of the present plan and suggests an adequate remedy. That he was as efficient an official as the system permits, there is no doubt, in its criticism of the election officers last Saturday, The Times-Dispatch called the City Democratic Committee to book for not having chosen efficient election officers in every case and meant to imply that all but most of those who counted the ballots were incompetent. It all of them had been as capable as Mr. Saville, doubtless, there would have been no protest against the late hour at which all the returns were in.

The system, as he says, is antiquated, and is very largely to blame. The method of checking up the voters, recording his name, and later of examining and counting the ballots, is productive of waste of time, but the whole fault does not lie in the system. Fourth Clay, in which Mr. Saville was an officer, is the largest precinct in Richmond, but it reported a total of 93 votes before 3 A. M. The vote cast there should suggest to the City Council the necessity for dividing the precinct to facilitate the report of returns and to lighten the labor of election officials. Yet, although the largest precinct reported before 3 A. M. two precincts in Jefferson and two in Madison did not send in their returns until late in the morning. By all the logic of the situation, their ballots should have been counted and the total sent in long before those of Fourth Clay. Why should smaller precincts be later in reporting than the very greatest one? Such a condition makes out a clear case of incompetency against the officials in the smaller wards. What possible excuse is there for such tardiness on the part of the two precincts in Jefferson and the two in Madison, when the polls closed at the same hour everywhere? Our position is that Fourth Clay did as well as it could, but that the four other precincts referred to did not.

"It does seem that we might spruce up a bit and get the best, modern methods of voting," concludes Mr. Saville. Yes, it does. We need first of all, sound and efficient primary and elections systems and a drastic corrupt practices act of the sort which Wisconsin has adopted; we need the short ballot, and we do need voting machines as our correspondent suggests. Such machines have demonstrated their efficiency. Enlightened Commonwealths are already using them with excellent results. When they are employed almost immediately the outcome of the election can be ascertained. The voting machine is scientific, modern, accurate, honest. A vote cast under this system is either valid or invalid; there is no possibility of dispute or fraud in counting it.

To the City Democratic Committee of Richmond and its State Democratic Committee of Virginia: Why not establish an optional system of voting machines in this city and in this State? Let the communities have them if they desire them. Why not abolish our primitive and inefficient system of voting and of counting the votes and substitute the scientific method?

## UBLI-SURE CICERONIA!

Nothing is more noticeable in our civilization than the passing of the ignorant vulgarians of the greater and smaller cities, the cantankerous by which our parks is converted to the thirsty human. More recently, what has become of the gourd that everybody used to drink out of the ancient and honorable products of the amateurish vine? Who ever sees a drinking gourd nowadays save in remote regions, where the salifit suds not bind the water easier, but then not?" In fact, if one wished to procure an old-fashioned gourd-supper in Richmond, it were any means open which it could be bought for love of money? To our knowledge, the last bite out of Richmond, and it is the West End, and the owner thereof gives us extracts from his drinking his whisky out of a gourd like the bung-hole of a water-melon when it hangs in the earth during the scalding days of great heat.

for your gourd, and no silver goblet was ever so well adapted to ancient vintage as is gourd to spring water. Hebe serving the gods on high Olympus with divine nectar would look like a piker beside a Virginia country girl, cherry, checked and sapphire eyed, preferring the brimming gourd to some passing guest.

But where are the gourds of yesterday? Uh! sunt pecula, as Colonel Tank Littleberry, of Powhatan County, is wont to say.

## APPLY BUSINESS PRINCIPLES TO GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—I want to express my appreciation of the editorial you had in your last Sunday's issue ("Three Evils of the Lobby in Virginia"), relative to the politicians and officeholders decided to be shamed and ostracized controlling our political affairs.

It is a sad fact, but nevertheless true, in my humble opinion, that the people have practically no voice, and are led by a lot of politicians that care little, if anything, about the general welfare of the people at large, but are often supplying themselves or their friends with fat places. I wonder how much longer it will take to open the eyes of the public to this evil practice.

I am indeed glad to see a paper with the playground unreservedly commend the supervised play-centre. The Christian Science Monitor, of Boston, testifies that "used for educational purposes and as training ground for youth in the virtues of obedience, loyalty, fair play and truth, the playground is admirable."

**PETITION PARASITES.** love of play. As an authority has put it: "For moral as well as physical reasons the activities of children must be supervised and guided. Group ethics have to be taught. Energies that may be destructive if allowed to go uncontrollable must be set busy in right ways. A mob must be drilled into a responsive force, amenable to idealism of conduct, respect for property and reverence of individuality." If un-supervised, playgrounds may become just the opposite of what they are intended to be—agencies of civic uplift.

Municipalities which have seen the necessity for supervision and the possibilities which are to be realized in co-operation of other civic agencies with the playground unreservedly commend the supervised play-centre. The Christian Science Monitor, of Boston, testifies that "used for educational purposes and as training ground for youth in the virtues of obedience, loyalty, fair play and truth, the playground is admirable."

**From the Hickieyville Clarion.** There are a lot of fellers soakin' up \$7 worth of red Hicker every day who say that they can't afford to buy gasoline to run an automobile.

If you send your shirts to the laundry laundry will send 'em back full of holes, and if you send 'em to a washwoman her husband wears 'em. Where do you get off?

By gum, from the pictures of prominent society women in evening gowns their husbands can't make much more than bare living for them.

Mrs. Anson Frisby has got a statue of Venus from a mail order house in Chicago to set in her front hall. It must be a second-hand Venus, for it has got her arms broke off. Anse says he thinks he is a brute, if it did cost nine shillin' and a sixpence.

Mr. Hod Peters has been a bad actor with the polite society of this burg ever since he killed a polecat with a necktie down Swazey Creek way back.

One of the children dragged Mrs. Anson's new summer hat out on the lawn and left it there. When Anse was watching the lawn at night he thought the lawn had a new flower garden and gave it a good soaking. The mistake cost Anse \$25.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Frisby are certainly getting into the plutocrat class. They had liver for dinner the other day.

Lem Higgins says when his optimist makes a mistake and runs all right he gets scared, for he knows there is something wrong with it.

Hank Higgins was "sufferin' some with his throat and he went to see old Doc Purdy about it. Doc told Hank that he had the bronchitis, a very common ailment that would readily yield to treatment. "You are so young you can cure my bronkitis," said Hank.

"You must have had considerable experience with it." "Yes," said Doc, "I have had considerable experience with it. Hank, I have had it myself for thirty-five years."

**After Kipping.** The man who starts to argue with a woman is a fool.

Though he may be right about it, he's always right about it.

The man who goes a-sheepin' on a festive bargain day.

Carries home what he calls bargains and for which he's spent much.

Then his wife she ridicules him and the sum he's had to pay.

For the female of the species can buy cheaper than the male.

The man who drives his motor takes no chances on the things.

And he doesn't pull off dizzy stunts that make people turn pale.

But the woman zigzags here and there and doesn't care a dink.

For the female of the species is more reckless than the male.

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